

# PAIN *of* SALVATION



One Hour By The Concrete Lake





The civilised world does obviously not dissociate itself from killing and oppression - it merely sorts it into categories, legal and non-legal kinds. With sole rights to carry out the first-mentioned, to which we can count war-industry (with consequences) and the dispossession and nuclear pollution of indigenous peoples. When stupidities remain or become part of a legal framework, we are stuck with a social legacy that effectively prohibits us from changing this within the borders of the system. But still, we must not accept it!





1. Spirit of the Land	0:43
2. Inside	6:12
3. The Big Machine	4:21
4. New Year's Eve	5:37
5. Handful of Nothing	5:39
6. Water	5:05
7. Home	5:44
8. Black Hills	6:32
9. Pilgrim	3:17
10. Shore Serenity	3:13
11. Inside Out	6:37

BONUS TRACKS:

Beyond the Mirror	8:26
Timeweaver's Tale	6:21

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MICY-1066

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Sit for a while, why rush?  
The beauty is all around.  
The red sky of the morning,  
the different colours of the  
landscape, the freshness of  
the breeze.  
So sit for a while and rest  
with the spirit of the land.

John Renshaw

# Spirit Of The Land

Music: D.Gildenlōw





# Inside

Music: D.Gildenlöw/D.Magdic/K.Gildenlöw/F.Hermansson

'What is a war criminal? Was not war itself a crime against God and humanity, and, therefore, were not all those who sanctioned, engineered, and conducted wars, war criminals? War criminals are not confined to the Axis Powers alone.'

I was told the pain and hunger was not my fault  
of all five billion people you're only one  
Believed them for far too long! Clean hands

I'm inside the big machine and it's eating me!  
The way we are heading now I'm hollow I swear

Inside I'm strong Inside I'm free Inside I'm young

(Guns don't kill) (I don't kill - do I?)  
Drink with me, laugh with me, friends for tonight

I only feel lonely outside this bar Look at me

Just look at me now! Inside I'm lost...

Now I'm vain, numb this pain - why is it but  
I yearning?

I can't sleep - I twist and turn In too deep - I  
up in a big mistake

Then I'd break! What if I just closed my eyes  
What if I shut out the lies? (...blood unseen...)

And what if I could hear my heart... (...all over  
...accusing me for taking part of the Machine

ult How could they be so wrong? And man,

My land is my home

And I am just a wheel in motion, too blind to see  
allow, but...

ung Inside I'm still me

Since 1990 there have been 93 wars in 70 states all around the world with 5.5 million people dead. 75% of these people were civilians, 1 million of them were children!

ight Stay with me, sleep with me, happy tonight  
when I speak! Who do you think you are?

rning? Clean as rain, not a stain - so why am

sweat, I burn I'm afraid that I'll awake, dressed

es? (I'm not clean...)

my hands!

*Machine*



# The Big Machine

Music: D. Gildenlow / D. Magdic

...and he actually held up the weapon before our eyes, and there, dressed in a suit and tie, he smiled and told us with pride in his voice that this model was largely represented in the Gulf war. He was so very proper and clean. And so alarmingly blind!

Welcome inside the machine  
It hurts!  
Go numb, go blind...

One's drilling out a pipe  
One adjusts the aim  
One makes trigger parts  
Weapons as a game!

All trapped in killing routine  
Washed clean...  
...by this machine

On these grey walls  
Lovely pictures of the weapons we produce  
But not their actions...

All are part of the big Machine  
We do our job  
"Guilty!"

But what if we save?  
And what if we solve?  
And what if we build?  
And what...

...what if we lose control?  
What if we lose control?  
What if we lose control?  
What if we lose control?

(I am just a wheel!)

...and what if we ...stop?

# New Year's Eve

Music: D. Gildenlow

"Only the tame birds have a longing. The wild ones fly."

So once again

Another New Year's Eve will ease our pain  
Faith for the few  
And rites that will make us so brave  
So new

We laugh and we cheer for a Happy New Year  
Happy?

Candles burn down  
And in the darkness future comes around  
We smile - all aware  
But never speaking of the masks we wear  
Blind!

Turning mirrors upside down  
Won't make dust fall off the ground  
Hiding wounds won't ease the pain  
Sleep won't make you whole again

Change the inside!  
...drink the rain...

Dressing our words  
Seeing the dirt and flaws inside us hurts  
One final glass  
A sour taste from our promises  
I bid farewell and crawl out of my shell

I'm awake!  
I see the mistakes I make  
Hiding wounds won't ease the pain  
Sleep won't make you whole again  
Change the inside...

Today I found a seed of sorrow  
The harvest leaves a soil of shame  
Now I undress and face tomorrow  
And brave I walk to meet the blame

I'll search my  
home outside  
these borders

I'll run to meet  
up with the past  
A Resolution for  
the New Life  
This time I know  
it's gonna last

And I will...  
Change the inside  
Drink the rain  
Open my wounds  
to heal the pain  
Learn the work  
of The Machine



# Handful of Nothing

Music: D. Gildenlöw

'In time of war the first casualty is truth.'  
'What broke in a man when he could bring himself to kill another?'

We've seen it before but safe on our suburb screens  
Now I am here in the flesh

A witness of war in this godforsaken scene  
Far from those grey walls  
See children with guns hatred and fear in their eyes  
They shoot to release their pain

A conflict to solve no matter if someone dies  
Protecting our interests...

Look around, soon there'll be but ruins to be found  
Winner will be the last that stands  
Lethal moves in a game of chess for the depraved  
King or Pawn? Are you worth to save?  
(What is the prize for this game we play?)  
(And who are the ones that finally pay?)

If we eat more we'll get a handful of nothing  
We'll be swallowing dirt  
If we push more we'll get a fistful of enough  
We'll be swallowing blood

They told me that we could actually save human lives  
That armies would preserve the peace  
And my work would save, solve and build bonds  
Only lies!  
And I fed their wallets...

It's strange how we speak of civilized views  
While we buy that media warface they sell  
A makeup for "Them" so we can decide who's to die  
Cause we love it easy...

Here they are - take a good look at the beasts of war!  
Let the rain wash that paint away...

Deep inside everyone's a mother's little child  
Longing home, lost and led astray  
And we prey on this decay!

If we eat more we'll get a handful of nothing  
We'll be left with the dirt  
If we push more we'll get a fistful of enough  
I leave this machine...

I left my life to ease my pain  
But I cannot find that cleansing rain...  
Look around soon there'll be but ruins to be found  
We can change - it's all in our minds...

(Daniel Gildenlöw)

Step by step hate controls every heart every soul  
Every gun pointed at those we paint as Enemies  
We provide what they need to let the game proceed  
Stuck in machines somewhere we build the cross they bear  
Arm to solve, kill to save... God I've felt how it smells!  
"My land's my home" - we're blind!  
I'm sick of the blood I find!

Step by step greed controls every heart every soul  
Arm to kill, kill to live - God how could I believe...

# Water

Music: D. Gildenlöw / D. Magdo

Ground water moves very slowly. While water at surface can be measured in meters per second, the ground water will more likely be measured in centimeters per year! Contamination of the ground water causes severe damage for a very long time. Despite this, military and nuclear industry constantly pollutes large areas of ground water - in times of peace.

I've always loved the sound of rain  
Touching so softly my window pane  
And then the scent of dew at dawn  
Coming to greet me from my moist lawn  
...home...

(Daniel Gildenlöw)

I always took it for granted  
I never valued the drops I shed  
I failed to see the relation  
Between my self and world starvation

(Daniel Gildenlöw)

Water's for the chosen  
But how come we expect us to be those few...  
...me and you?

In this hot, desolate timeglass I met this man  
Wearing a worn old flyer's cap  
Every day he had to dig 10 feet down  
for his daily ration of water - one poor gallon  
And so he did - singing while doing it!

10 feet of sand for the thirst  
But he gave me half of what he was given for a day  
All for thirst and sanity use  
While we use up hundred times more...  
What do we do with it?  
Pipes and bathtubs, sprinklers and fountains!  
Freshwater used as a dump for oil and nuclear waste!  
"Desert people turns humble," he said  
They know what they have  
But do they know what they lose when we flush?

But yet, sadly, he looked up to me  
Felt a need for our greed...our "freedom"  
Said all he really wanted was a car and a radio  
He too failed to see the relation  
Between our lives...and his starvation

Water's for the chosen  
Water's for the few  
Life is for the chosen  
But only if we believe it to be true...but we do!  
(But I'm through!)  
I've always loved the sound of rain...

# Home

Music: D. Gildenlöw

'The white man, he comes and goes. He can go.  
But that's our homeland for thousands of years.  
That's our home, and we will never leave. No matter  
how contaminated it gets. We live there. We have always  
lived there and we will always live there.'

This is our home - our roots go deep  
Where our ancestors sleep  
This is the land we've nursed for countless aeons  
But never ours to keep

My tribe is crying - our land is dying  
But we can't leave - this is our home  
We can't let our past go...

We're left with your legacy  
Wide awake, deep at our roots  
While you move on exploiting  
We'll sing lullabies for half a million years

When my son asks why, what will I reply?  
But we can't leave - this is our home  
We can't let our past go...

(Johan Hallgren)  
(Fredrik Hermansson)  
(Daniel Gildenlöw)

But we can't leave - this is our home!  
If you like concrete alone  
Then don't make your high lives depend  
On that past that you let go...



# Black Hills

Music: D. Gildenlöw

'They tell all the people of Europe, it's a good, clean industry, it's a great way to save the world. But I'm here to tell you that now they're knocking on our door because they can't find any place to store the damned stuff for eternity. They come to our homeland and they want to lease some land for 10,000 years!'

This was our home – we had our truth  
Bled for our creed – why must we still bleed?  
Your tailings are bound forever in this ground...

So you come for our holy ground  
When your nature's gone and your house has burnt down  
No!

For hundreds of years you've hurt this land  
Eating what's there, leaving a wasteland  
But there are no space to hold all your mistakes

Still you come for our holy ground  
When your nature's gone and your houses are all burnt down  
(Johan Hallgren)

'To this day, they will not return our sacred land, even though their highest hypocritical court said that we could and indeed did, own the Black Hills. I still continue to struggle for the eventuality of regaining that sacred land.'

## Pilgrim

Music: D. Gildenlöw

'In fire, we can see our past and our coming. For, as with us and our time, these flames are solely born through the complete and utterly consumption of its surroundings, and is condemned to be destroyed by the same. Demanding, beautiful and very lethal, it lives itself to death.'

The higher I am reaching – the closer to the sun  
The more I learn the less I know for sure  
For each machine I'm leaving I find a bigger one  
For each step I turn wiser than before  
But it's burning me...

Pilgrim, where are you going?  
Pilgrim, your roads turning bleak  
Pilgrim, true to your knowing  
But what will you pay for the Grail that you seek?

Though these roads seem endless  
And life seems out of reach  
The roads I left were better off unwalked  
If I had just been stronger  
If I had dared to see  
Maybe I would not have had to go this far  
But still I won't give in...

Pilgrim, where are you going?  
Pilgrim, your roads turning bleak  
Pilgrim, This quest is your calling  
Pilgrim, the curtains are falling...  
Pilgrim, where are you going?  
And who sets the price on the answers you seek?

# Shore Serenity

Music: D. Gildenlöw

Karachay... This lake in Kyshtym has swallowed nuclear waste for almost fifty years now. Radiation was earlier so high that one hour at the shore of this lake would cause death in just a few weeks. Karachay, the entire lake, is now covered with concrete.

Don't disturb me now  
I can see the why, the when and how  
Looking back to see all bridges burn  
I have reached the point of no return  
this is zero  
(Shore Serenity)

This is all that is left of me...  
A broken man at a broken sea

To be or not to be a wheel in the big machinery  
That is not the matter of the game  
Just as long as you can sense the frame of the big picture  
(Wheels make The Machine)

This is all that is left of me  
a broken man at a concrete sea  
But now I know that one cell can kill  
and a big Machine stands and falls with...a wheel...

'I dread the day my children will ask me why. I dread the day when I will have to explain to them that people thought it was acceptable to destroy the environment so that we could have jobs. I dread the day I will have to explain to my bright-eyed Joshua who talks to dogs and listens to the grass screaming, that we were all too busy driving fast cars, rushing our children off to day-care, and finding seniors' homes to our grandparents and listening to the ringing of cash registers. We were all too busy to hear the grass screaming.'

# Inside Out

Music: D. Gildenlöw/D. Magdic/F. Hermansson

'30 years ago, society believed that no price was too high, we thought that industry could come at any cost. We cannot afford to pay that price any more.  
So finally my journey ends  
And through this wound my soul can mend  
Guilt is my blood  
I'm being drained  
This is my home, I will stay...

inside!  
There's always someone inside  
Fighting to get outside  
The "knowing-right-from-wrong side"  
Our home is inside!

I've travelled the world around  
In search for some Grail of mine  
How could I be so blind?  
It was always here...inside  
I have only some weeks to give  
But at last...I live

(Daniel Gildenlöw)

Life's just a line of situations  
A matter of occasions  
And mystic correlations  
The work of a Machine!

(D. Gildenlöw/Hallgren)  
(Johan Hallgren)

Here in a world split to nations  
We fail to see the relations  
Between the Wheel and the Machine  
And of the scars we're leaving...

inside!  
I swear there's someone inside  
Fighting to get outside  
Just give it all an hour  
By the Concrete Lake!

(Hallgren/Gildenlöw)



## The Gratitude Gallery:

First of all Pain of Salvation would like to salute all our fans for being there and believing in us. You make it all worth it, and encourage us to always go that extra mile! Especially we would like to take a bow for Matthew J. Harper, Aaron Tate, Kenji Kanuka and Darrin Griffin for devotion beyond the limits – You're pure Gold, friends!!!

Extreme hugs to the Superb Malmö Crew featuring the explosive duo TnT! Johnny Moonshine for support and sporadic showers, and his son Jimmy. Thanks to Patrik Larsson for great graphics and to the camera master Frasse (we are still cold), to Mr. Bass himself – Jonas Reingold and to Captor and Subculture!

More thanks: Hasse Lindell, Mats Olsson, Kecke (visit the green room for a cup of tea), Michael Svedberg at Mir, MGK-Data for all the Megabytes and Rosen who has always believed in us. And Sunkan, for being a good friend and bollplank. Finally we would like to fire off the great salute canon (BOOM!) for our former guitarist Daniel Magdic, for all the good years (we'll still have good years, right?).



### Daniel Gildenlöv's Gratitude:

Look at the home page for my Ultimate Holistic Credit List! I just have to thank my Girl of the Trees and Forests: Johanna, who puts up with my musical dreams (as good as she possibly can), and my family who supports me and tells me what to do and not to do. Which, of course, I have to ignore (in the humblest of ways). And I have to thank the boys in the band for sharing visions, time, efforts, laughs, arguments (not too many though), good times and bad times with me. And also thanks to the Peacework class comrades, I told you that music could change the world and I still believe it!



### Fredrik Hermansson's gratitude:

My deepest admiration to all my friends, especially Jonas Karlsson and my girlfriend Katarina.



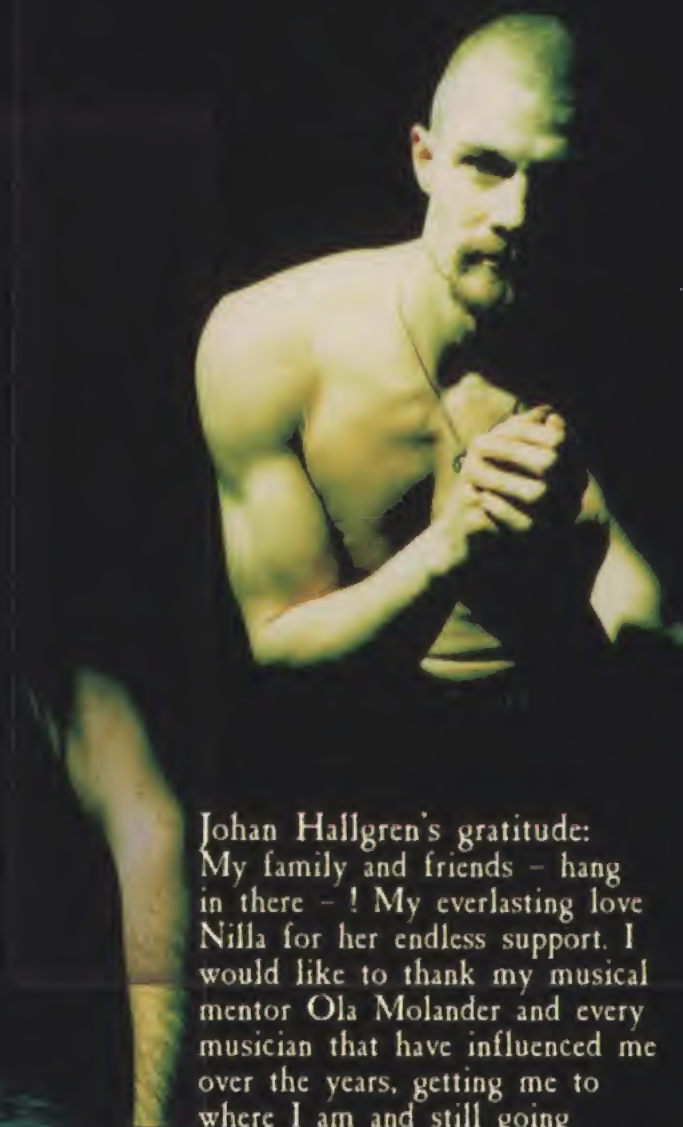
### Johan Langell's gratitude:

My Love - Catharina Breineder - and our two cats - Tooticki and Pyrex. The Langell Family - Kenneth, Bodil, Jonas and Jesper - for their support through out the years, The Breineder family, Mats Stenlund and his family. The choir: "Andrum" and all my other friends.



### Kristoffer Gildenlöv's gratitude:

My mother, father and brother for love and caring. I will always be here for you! My grandmother Lilly - the sweetest person. All my other relatives. My two best friends: Henrik Karlsson and Ida Bengtsson with their wonderful families. Teachers at S:t Eskil and Djurgården, Old classmates, the songgroup "Plysch". Robert Sahrting, the staff at MGK-data in Eskilstuna and all Jäder-people. All students at Djurgårdsskolan: "ROCK IT!" Rest in Peace Lotta Berg.



### Johan Hallgren's gratitude:

My family and friends – hang in there – ! My everlasting love Nilla for her endless support. I would like to thank my musical mentor Ola Molander and every musician that have influenced me over the years, getting me to where I am and still going forward (I hope). Especially thanx to my grandparents.

POS



## About the Concrete Lake Concept

Since autumn '97, my search for knowledge has led me into studying Peacework and Nuclear Physics at the University of Gothenburg. The Concrete Lake concept is a result of these studies and the conclusions I had to make. During the process of putting the story together and searching for facts, I have had much help from Kristoffer, Johanna Iggsten and the Poison Fire, Sacred Earth organisation. Thanks!

### Sources:

Studies at the University of Gothenburg, "Waterwar" (essay by D.Gildenlöw), several books about water written by the following writers and scientists: Malin Falkenmark, Tore Wizelius, Reinhold Castensson, Anna Wieslander, E. Correll/A. Swain, Hjält-Lungfonden and SIDA. Books about environment and war by Gudrun Utas, J. Eder /A-K. Olsen, Ken Keyes Jr., Greenpeace, P. Wallenstein, Adler/Lundström/Ångström and report 3698 from Naturvårdsverket.

We have used excerpts from speeches by Lorraine Reckman, James Garrett and David Sweeney (originally held at the World Uranium Hearing Conference in Salzburg 1992) with kind permission from the Poison Fire, Sacred Earth organisation (<http://www.ratical.com/radiation/WorldUraniumHearing>) which I recommend as a source for further information. I have also found much help and inspiration in Carl Sagan's 'The Dragons of Eden' - speculations of the evolution of human intelligence and Douglas Adams.

### Excerpts, Quotes and Poems:

Spirit of the Land: At the World Uranium Hearing, David Sweeney presented this poem with these words - 'I learned that a friend and a comrade has just died of cancer... he was passionate against the nuclear industry and he was passionate for indigenous rights. His name was John Renshaw and he was quite an honourable man. He wrote a poem not long before he passed on... Inside: a quote by Mohandas K. Gandhi. The Big Machine and Water contains excerpts from D. Gildenlöw's essay 'Waterwar'. New Year's Eve: a quote by Elmer Diktonius. Handful of Nothing: first quote by Boake Carter and second by Alan Paton. All quotes in Home and Black Hills are excerpts from James Garrett's speech held at the World Uranium Hearing. Pilgrim: 'In Fire' - poem by D. Gildenlöw. Shore Serenity: Based on facts from World Watch Magazine. Both quotes in Inside Out are excerpts from Lorraine Reckman's speech held at the World Uranium Hearing.

### About the Bonus Tracks...

It's something of a dream coming true, recording these old favourites. So I have to introduce them...

Beyond the Mirror: I wrote this song when I was 16 and not much has been changed except for the lyric.

It's original name was "Inside the Circle" but it later became part of our early concept "Twilight Voices" in this version.

Timeweaver's Tale: I actually wrote this one even somewhat earlier. It here contains the original words and arrangements, even the same harmony guitar solo. We've only shortened it down a bit, removing one additional harmony solo and a vocal melody (that now briefly appears before the solos).

Daniel Gildenlöw



PAIN OF SALVATION "One Hour by the Concrete Lake":

Produced by Anders "Theo" Theander and Pain of Salvation  
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PAIN OF SALVATION OFFICIAL WEB SITES:

SWEDEN [www.algonet.se/~gilden](http://www.algonet.se/~gilden)

JAPAN [www.geocities.co.jp/Broadway/2220/](http://www.geocities.co.jp/Broadway/2220/)

USA <http://home.earthlink.net/~entropia>

PAIN OF SALVATION is:

Daniel Gildenlöw, Lead vocals / guitar

Johan Hallgren, Guitar / vocals

Johan Langell, Drums and percussion / vocals

Kristoffer Gildenlöw, Bass / vocals

Fredrik Hermansson, Keyboards and samplers

Special appearance: Katarina Åhlén / Cello on Pilgrim & Timeweaver's Tale

Daniel Gildenlöw is endorsed by KORG / Parker Fly guitars  
and uses Rocktron pre-amps, power-amps and effects, kindly provided by MusikBörsen, Malmö

Kristoffer Gildenlöw uses ARES and Schack basses and Ampeg amplifiers and cabinets

Johan Langell uses Pearl drums and Sabian cymbals

Fredrik Hermansson uses Roland and Alesis synthesizers

Johan Hallgren uses ESP guitars